

But I'm Only Human

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And then, it all ended, on the summer of June 19. past!Ragyo fanfiction, non-canon.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-03-30

Updated: 2015-05-20

Words: 15951

Chapters: 7

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Drama/Angst - Characters: Isshin M., Ragyo K. - Reviews: 14 - Favs: 15 - Follows: 20

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10228777/1/But-I-m-Only-Human>

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But I'm Only Human

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Prologue

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction.

Prologue

You were quite nerdy, you remember.

You didn't like tying your long, messy hair. Braids would make you look like a goody-two-shoes. You're a sukeban, you got into fights, you raced the streets of Osaka on your bicycle and you lived.

You tried firing money from guns, but it didn't sit well with you. You're the daughter of the Kiryuin family; proper upbringing was a must. However, you roamed free, you saw life from all sides, but there was one fact that stayed.

You built a sandcastle out of steel, and you were happy.

And then, it all ended, on the summer of June 19.

A/N: This is a pretty short prologue, following with a pretty short fanfiction. It'll finish quickly, I presume!

Your Name

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction.

1: Your Name

Six days before Christmas, Mitoribashi City, Japan.

Everything has a beginning, but this doesn't start there. Infancy was easily passed, the childhood days were gone, but the adolescence is the starting point.

The day when she escaped, it snowed. She was usually the first one to notice when it was snowing, but six months in confinement prevented her from reveling in the beautiful sight at the end of each year. The cold made her fingers red, puffy, her cheeks smarted with the most luminescent of blushes, but other than that, she didn't feel the usual chill that winter tends to bring.

The snow represented what she had lost.

They fell, they fell, as she had fell many times. She adjusted her glasses; she didn't need them anymore, to be exact, but just to convince herself, to tell herself that she was still blind as a bat, she wore them. She bought a new pair since her old ones were crushed, broken, shattered into pieces, but they would do. Did she want the lenses to be crystal clear? Blurry? Was she getting astigmatic?

No. She has 20/20 vision now.

The wool scarf hid the steel choker that was keeping her head and her neck together, warming it like a nice blanket during a cool morning. She ran; her shoes sank into the snow, her breathing

visible in the air and the second hand of her watch ticked each second that passed. Advertisements were everywhere in the city of Mitoribashi; soap advertisements, movie advertisements, clothing advertisements and neon lights promoting weird clubs that most of the working-class people would usually frequent after a stressing day of work. Her jacket hid the characters of her name, the name that she didn't really like, but had no choice to use.

Ragyo Kiryuin. A student at Mitoribashi High School. A member of the athletics club, the Science and Mathematics club as well as the debate club.

People were walking back home from work, with a few women in coats stopping at the side to admire beautiful dresses donned by lifeless mannequins through glasses at boutiques. Ragyo was running against the flow of the working-class staff, subconsciously testing herself on whether she would get exhausted, tired, whether this constant sprinting would leave her huffing and puffing at the end of it all. She could run forever and ever, but eventually, she would find herself right in front of the entrance of the luxury penthouse that she called a temporary home.

She destroyed her home as soon as she returned.

Her mother didn't even realize that she was gone for six months. Extreme parental neglect drove Ragyo to not only kill her own mother as she was idly calculating figures at that pompously horrid teak table of hers, but she offed the entire family. Her father, who had no time for her. Her mother, who, when she had time for her own daughter, would slap her and tell her off, thoroughly disgusted in how her daughter turned out. A delinquent, a girl who simply couldn't sit still. She had always been a pretty girl, a sweet girl, but she wouldn't let fineries push her down, and look where that led her.

Ragyo stopped running.

She didn't feel tired.

She walked right into the elevator, pressing the button to the highest floor. She waited. She looked at the security camera. She waited again. The doors opened, she got out, she slid her card key, opened the door and locked it behind her. Turned on the lights, drank some warm water and went straight into the sewing room without admiring the impressionistic painting right in front of her.

Indeed, it was shoddy. It was like a second bedroom.

Actually, it was supposed to be a guest room, but due to lack of company, Ragyo brought in a sewing machine. The mannequin followed. The various yards of cloth followed. The needles, the threads, the little pin-cushions, the rulers, the measuring tapes; everything else followed. A ball of glowing red yarn illuminated the room, prompting Ragyo to put down her school bag as she picked it up.

Life Fibers.

The things that were right inside her, all thanks to the bastards who ruined her life.

She looked at her first work; the work that she had done thanks to those versatile threads. She picked up her needle, threaded the fibers and began to sew, thinking of nothing more, nothing less. The outfit was beautiful, but it should be more beautiful. Or less. Or she should just stop right here and go eat her goddamned dinner.

But she refused to obey her hunger. One more thing, one more vital thing that would make this outfit a masterpiece, would be the *Banshi*.

Ragyo cut, sewn, measured and marked. Measuring the cloth on one's own body was a feat, but Ragyo was positive that it would fit her and only her. A custom-made outfit for herself. A beautiful sailor uniform that was unique; long sleeved, but not baggy, slim, perfectly flexible-

"Ah!"

A burning sensation could be felt on her index finger; she had pricked herself. She pricked her finger on a flimsy needle. In frustration, Ragyo set aside the needle, sucked on her own finger and picked it up again, only to continue her sewing. It was like sewing her life story into an article of clothing, and as her fingers grazed the fabric, the uniform swayed with the wind.

She stopped.

She didn't even turn on the fan, or the heater, or open the window for that matter. Ragyo blinked.

"... God, I must be hungry," she groaned, setting the needle down again. "Fine, fine, I'll eat. After I eat, you'd better be happy," Ragyo said, looking at her stomach as she lazily went to the door, setting her hand on the handle.

You sure talk to yourself a lot, don't you?

She froze.

I said, 'you sure talk to yourself a lot, don't you?'

Ragyo slowly turned her head, looking around the room as she quickly took a long, plastic ruler for a pathetic attempt in self defense. "W-Who's there?!"

Look here.

"Look where?!" Ragyo frantically exclaimed. "This isn't funny!"

Here! the masculine voice came. *Look at me, your masterpiece!*

Her head promptly stopped looking around the room, focusing on the beautiful article of clothing that was being donned on by the lifeless mannequin. A streak of blood could be seen across the white fabric, to which Ragyo quickly deduced that it could very well be from the timed accident that caused her bleeding finger. Blood still seeped

from it, and Ragyo rubbed the blood away slowly between her fingers to at least stop the bleeding.

All this while staring at her clothes.

"... You're... the one talking, right?" Ragyo asked shakily, pointing at it.

Yes.

Life Fibers. That was what she first thought of. Those abominations wouldn't stay dormant, won't they? Ragyo furiously took the scissors on the table, but a loud screech penetrated her head, followed with pathetic pleas for her to stop.

"I'll *cut* you! I'll cut you up and sever each and every piece of you!" she yelled frantically, as if the very sight of the clothing that she had worked so hard on was an utter abomination. The bundle of Life Fibers fell to the ground as she swiped her tailoring tools from the table in rage, but the clothing never ceased to try and appease its maker.

No! No! Wait, hang on, wait! I'm not going to hurt you!

"Bullshit!" The scissors reached the scarf.

Wait! Let's talk this out!

She stopped.

"... I'm giving you five seconds," she snarled.

That's not enough, and you know it! You worked so hard to make me, so don't cut me up!

God, should she let a piece of clothing speak for its life? Ragyo groaned, then threw the scissors on the floor and unzipped the uniform from the mannequin, removing it from being showcased. She sat on her bed, folded it up and placed it on her lap.

Ah, much better.

"Talk. I don't have all night. Try anything funny and I'll cut you."

Alright, alright. First, can you give me a name?

"... What am I, your mother?" Ragyo asked, arching an eyebrow as she adjusted her glasses.

You created me! At least try? Please? A good name; a name that's not embarrassing so that when you don me-

At that moment, Ragyo almost wanted to laugh for interrupting the speech of a school uniform mid-sentence.

"Don you? Do you seriously think that I'm going to wear you? After *talking?* "

It's just talking!

"Any name in mind?" she said, not really taking this entire thing seriously. "I mean, if I were to name you right now, you'd be really disappointed."

A pause.

How about Ketsui? Determination. Decision.

Ragyo lifted the folded clothes up, then looked at it for quite a while.

... What?

"I'm trying to see if I've gone mad."

Oh, now it's back to square one again?

"You're pissing me off!"

Well, you wanted to cut me! So how do you like the name? Ketsui.

"I can clearly see the determination in preserving your own life," Ragyo rolled her eyes. "Do I give you honorifics as well?" she added sarcastically.

Give me time to talk, please.

In an instant, due to the sudden tone of politeness, Ragyo held her peace. She lay on her bed, held up the folded clothes and sighed. "Go on. Speak. I won't argue. Promise."

Thank you. Hello, I'm Ketsui, a God Robe. Your little cut over there activated me; your blood, to be exact.

"... God Robe?" Ragyo asked, confused. "You're just a school uniform-"

It's a term. An article of clothing that has many Life Fibers in it. I have the ability to transform and give you strength. You did think of a second design for me, didn't you?

"Yes," Ragyo said, surprised. "How did you know?"

I can practically feel you sewing me up.

"... That sounds wrong," she said, irked.

A small laugh came from the clothes. *Sorry.*

"Go on, go on."

Kamui is another term for God Robe, the Kamui explained. When I mean by giving you strength, I require something in compensation for giving you strength to fight. Now I know this is going to be very disturbing-

"Compensation?" Ragyo asked, getting quite edgy. "What... kind of compensation...?"

... Promise not to freak?

"... No."

... I need your blood.

She promptly threw the Kamui out of the sewing room.

Five days before Christmas, Mitoribashi City, Japan.

That morning's breakfast would be leftover *soba* from the fridge, to which Ragyo didn't bother to heat up. Nor did she include the Kamui among the dirty laundry. She left the Kamui on the floor as she ate, staring at it as it spoke.

You know, you have a nice house.

"Thanks."

Is that Picasso? Nice reproduction.

"Thanks."

That's a beautiful piano.

"Thanks."

Won't you wear me? Please?

"No."

I thought you were going to say 'thanks.' At least I tried.

"You'll suck me dry if I wear you!" she said, her mouth full with *soba*.

Not dry ! Are you mad? Your DNA's in me!

"My *what?!* " Ragyo exclaimed, thoroughly horrified. She stopped eating altogether, then picked the clothes up as she shook it quite

literally. The sound of wind being slapped was all she could hear, and the Kamui was getting as frantic as she was.

Your hair! Some of your hair got into me while you sewn me up!

Ragyo was shocked speechless.

... Please? Wear me? Just once. Just one time. I'll show you how awesome I am.

Just once? Just one time? She looked at the mirrored walls of her penthouse, then at the scenery of the city waking up to another brand new day. The Kamui does look really good, and it was like releasing a new fashion trend throughout the city. Clad in her pajamas, Ragyo sighed as she ran her fingers through her long, ebony hair, then gave the Kamui one last shake.

"Do anything funny and you're dead."

Deal.

Mitsuzo Soroi had always liked hotel management, but that evening, the Namine Hotel hosted unwelcome guests.

Grotesque. Grotesque things that took on a human-like form. Staring at them might make him go mad. The man ran for his life, taking the stairs instead of the pristine elevators that the hotel was very much proud of, and as the suited fiber abominations chased him down, he reached the lobby at long last. Pressing the tiny bell on the concierge's counter, but in a few seconds, a chilling realization crept through the entirety of his being.

The hotel staff was nowhere to be seen. The guests were nowhere to be seen.

Soroi really hoped that he was dreaming.

Faces that weren't even there. Black masses of humanoid shapes covered with glowing red threads. He ran out, out of the sliding doors, down the steps, past the empty valet and the parked cars without their drivers. The more he ran, the more he was being hunted down, and the nearest city was within his reach. Mitoribashi wasn't really much of a large city, but it would have to be a safer place than the outskirts of Namine, and as he ran, he got tired.

Very tired.

But to his further horror, they advanced throughout the city, coming after him.

"Help!" he yelled, running past potential people who would most likely run the other direction, wanting nothing to do with him. He repeated the word as if it was his lifeline, even going so far as to yell it even louder. From the grocery store window, Ragyo paused for a bit as she saw a man running with an insane speed, being chased by horribly detailed monsters.

"..."

...

"... They never said that there was going to be a marathon this year," Ragyo said, laughing nervously as she placed a bottle of soda in the shopping cart.

This is the perfect chance to help, don't you think, Ragyo? the Kamui asked excitedly.

"No, no, of course not!" she said, still laughing. "Best not to get involved!"

Come on, you can do something about it, and you know it!

"Oh come on, don't be silly-"

"Miss?"

Ragyo stopped talking instantly, then smiled at the woman who addressed her. "O-Oh, yes?"

"... Are things well at home? I noticed that you're talking to yourself just now, and-o-oh, I'm sorry if I'm intruding in a personal matter..."

Great. Just great. Now people are starting to think that she's a troubled teen who's going loony due to personal matters at home. The lady wasn't too far off the mark though, but of course, Ragyo took care of that. Not like she was going to say anything about it.

"I'm fine, just fine! Thank you!" Ragyo laughed, wheeling her cart of groceries away hastily.

She could've sworn she heard Ketsui snicker.

"... Fine, I'll help," she groaned. "Then we're coming back right here."

I'll promise to zip my mouth.

"You don't even have one."

Point taken. Now shall we go and be good citizens by helping other good citizens?

In an instant, Ragyo found herself running deeper into the city, leaving her abandoned groceries in the grocery store as she tried to find the source of the trouble. Ketsui's directions were surprisingly very helpful, and as she ran, she turned into curbs that she had never explored before. In a very convenient manner, she found the man, trying to fend off the humanoid assailants with a bent pipe at an alley.

"Okay, what do we do now?!" Ragyo exclaimed.

You don't mind getting naked, do you?!

"What?!"

Ketsui didn't give his maker any room to protest. The Kamui instantly changed form, transforming itself into an armored piece of clothing that revealed quite a lot of skin at Ragyo's part. Realizing that the Kamui was unleashing a bit more power, Ragyo got a bit more frightened, but what was she to do with clothes that practically controlled her and stuck to her skin like a second one?

Synchronize!

"Huh?!"

Repeat! Life Fiber Synchronize!

"Life Fiber Synchronize?!"

Kamui Ketsui!

That was it.

"Life Fiber Synchronize! Kamui Ketsui!"

Without breaking a sweat, Ragyo grabbed the materialized weapon that Ketsui had equipped with it, brandishing the sword as she swung it in a horizontal motion, offing the creatures in one slash. The cowering hotel management intern stopped shaking, staring at his unlikely savior as Ragyo blinked herself, wondering what just happened.

"..."

"..."

"... Uh... guess you're free to go," she sheepishly laughed. "Run free, uh... bro."

Soroi got to his feet, then grabbed her hand and laughed. "Ahaha... ahahahaha... oh, thank you... ahahaha..."

"Ahahahaha..." Ragyo laughed as well, but the more they laughed, the more awkward it seemed. Here she was, dressed like some high-class stripper in front of some dude that she doesn't know, and she was laughing in front of him like an idiot.

A few seconds later, Soroi promptly fainted.

"Excuse me, what was that about?" Ragyo exclaimed, walking back with a bag full of groceries. "Did you just turn into some sort of stripper outfit so that I could defeat those things-"

COVERS.

"Fine, COVERS?"

That's what I do. That's how I get you to fight. Aren't you impressed?

What was she to say about that? She was freaked out. Shocked. Surprised. Exposed, for that matter. Ragyo disbelievably looked down, but the only thing she could look at was the skirt. Silk. This talking garb sure was expensive to make, and she warranted that it wasn't even grateful.

Are you? I'm your determination, Ragyo! Aren't you impressed with me?

She stopped mid-way.

It dawned upon her that she spent days on making Ketsui. Days, nights, materials and money. Life Fibers were the things that she had hated the most, but she incorporated them in the clothing due to their extreme compatibility with cloth. And the more beautiful Ketsui got, the more determined she was in making it.

And she was impressed. She had decided that she was impressed. With a smile, she carried on walking back home, ready to face another day.

"I'm impressed. Thanks."

A/N: Oh wow, this is a long chapter! I'm sorry if it's a little cheesy; I promise that it won't be so cheesy in the future chapters! Please do anticipate more, and thank you so much for the reviews and support!

-Densetsu-no-Maguro.

Your Age

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction.

2: Your Age

Four days before Christmas, Mitoribashi City, Japan.

Black. She didn't don Ketsui that day, for white is not appropriate in mourning the dead.

Friends, family and the priest braved through the cold to mourn the loss of Kaede Matura, a girl who was not in Ragyo's class, but was in the same grade. The snowy tomb showed signs of hope; her family placed yellow roses on the blanket of white snow, which were her favorite flowers. Small specks of snow slowly touched the yellow petals, and as Kaede's family mourned for the loss of their beloved daughter, the priest read prayers that were repetitive on such occasions, speaking of the soul being carried off to heaven, especially four days before the blessed day of Christmas.

She prayed, yes, for the soul of her friend, but her mind was somewhere else. Ragyo Kiryuin was never much of a religious girl, but she never had any qualms about praying to a god who was out there somewhere.

A grave can only tell you so much.

She had cried before the police that night; her parents were dead, the servants were dead, the whole house was massacred. She was alone, she had no other remaining relatives, she was frightened and scared and she shook, fear reaching her bones. The police did their

best to calm her, to tell the sole heir to the Kiryuin family to relax and leave the case to them. They reassured her that they would get to the bottom of this tragic event, but they dropped the case as soon as they took it up.

They deduced it as a planned mass suicide.

The will of her father stated that all assets would go to her. The will of her mother stated that all additional assets would go to her. A girl not yet eighteen had inherited the Kiryuin wealth in a night, with the will's sole executor being an old family friend who had invested into the Kiryuin family's clothing company.

Ragyo found it funny that she didn't even know the name of her parents' company. Was it her lack of interest in her family that caused it?

Maybe.

She stood there like a statue, staring at Kaede Matsura's cold gravestone, blanketed in snow. People began to walk away; Kaede's classmates, then her schoolmates, then her distant relatives, her parents, and what was left of the dead girl's company was the priest who presided over her cold burial and a girl whom she had only greeted once in a blue moon at school.

The priest looked at Ragyo with a small, well-practiced smile of sympathy on his face. "Was she your best friend?"

"No," was her response.

"Won't you come inside? It's cold here," he tried again with the same smile. "It would do no good being out in the cold, dressed as you are."

She might as well have come to the funeral *stark naked*, if black wasn't his taste.

Like a hired mourner, Ragyo cried for her parents. She mourned perfectly for her deceased father and mother during their grand funeral, allowing the shareholders of the company to look upon a daughter carrying out her final filial duties. In their eyes, she was the girl who was to carry the company on her shoulders, just like how Atlas was condemned to carry the world upon his. She bowed before the names of her parents, paying her respects as she cried for their deaths, clad in black.

But she didn't know why she cried so much, if she was the one who offed them in the first place. The company was now in a temporarily anarchic state.

Was she sad? Was she happy? Was she crying of sadness, or happiness, or did she cry because she was obligated to? Why did she shed tears for people who didn't deserve them? For all she knew, she acted during her parents' funeral, and she played her part as the daughter who loved them very much very well.

"Father, did Kaede's parents love her very much?" she asked out of the blue, setting her share of flowers on the lonely grave.

The smile stayed on his face. "Of course they did. They love her so much, and they are very sad that she had passed on. But life and death are in the hands of God, and we must accept this unchanging fact."

"... Of course, Father."

Kaede never liked yellow roses. She liked morning glories.

She slid her card key, opened the door, locked it behind her, turned on the lights, turned on the fan and took off her black shoes.

The penthouse was silent as usual, in contrast to the previous day's hectic events. Her masterpiece, talking. Transforming like a magical girl on TV. Saving someone from COVERS, whatever they were. For

the first time, she was busy outside, and she didn't coop herself up in this glided cage that she had made for herself in order to not harm any innocent people. For the first time, even if she was a bit crazy, she held a conversation with her clothes, and it was painfully comforting.

So Ragyo tried something that she had never done before.

"I'm home!" she hollered.

Welcome back! How was the funeral? the response came, warm and inquiring.

She certainly didn't expect a warm response.

Ragyo hurled herself on the sofa, looking up at the dimly lit chandelier that hung from the ceiling at the living room. An exclamation of surprise from Ketsui almost made Ragyo jump, but she settled for resting her head on the smooth fabric. A groan followed, then Ragyo lowered the speed of the standing fan with a weak press of the 'down' button on the fan's remote control.

"Sad," she replied. "How's being alone at home?"

Sad, Ketsui replied back. *Your head's heavy, Ragyo.*

"I'm tired, and you're soft."

That's not fair!

"Shh," Ragyo hushed the Kamui. "Stop being annoying for once."

I'm not annoying, I'm determined to get your head off my-don't m-move your head!

"Bothering you?" she grinned sleepily, yawning as she took a spare cushion and hugged it. It was a cool night, and the heater was working wonders in regulating temperature. Either that, or her body

temperature was getting quite wonky, to which she still has a lot of work to do in controlling her own body temperature by herself.

... Not really.

"... Hey, Ketsui?"

Yes?

"Do you want to hurt people, or do you want to harm them?"

There was a long pause, but Ketsui managed to get an answer. His creator really wasn't hard to make out at all; she valued brutal honesty more than anything else. As Ragyo snuggled more into the silk material, Ketsui let out a few instinctive rustles, then replied to her question.

I've never really interacted with people other than you, Ragyo, but I'd like to help them, I guess. It's nice being a superhero instead of a villain, don't you think? We synchronized really nicely yesterday, so I was surprised that you accepted me real quick!

"Hang on, I didn't accept you just yet," she said teasingly.

Well, you had no qualms in fighting with the amount of skin you showed yesterday, he replied teasingly, getting right back at her.

"..."

... Ragyo? Hey, um, Ragyo-

"So you're saying that the reason why we synchronized is because I'm shameless?!"

Wait, I didn't mean it in a bad way-ow!

"Speak up!" Ragyo thundered, getting up as she gripped his silk with the sheer force of her fingers. "Is that true?! If you're taking advantage of me-oh god, this sounds so wrong..."

No, of course not! I'd never do that to you!

"I trusted you!"

That's not what I mean!

"Right, you're a piece of *cloth* . You're just *clothing*. You're not hands roaming on my body, touching here and there on dark nights, leaving me no room to protest or fight back since-"

She stopped.

She wanted to sew her mouth shut.

Trembling hands caught Ketsui's attention, along with the words that she had recently uttered. He expected her to drop on her knees, to throw him to the wall, to wreck furniture, anything. People had touched her. People had defiled her before he was even created, and at that very moment, he sorely wished that he had kept his mouth shut, or said it in a different way. To synchronize with a Kamui, embarrassment was not an option, but Ketsui found that his creator had experienced the worst sides of shame even before he spoke with her.

Damp tears made their way on silk, and the Kamui was reduced to being a mere makeshift handkerchief for the crying girl.

"I-I'm sorry, I..."

No, it's my fault. I shouldn't have raised the subject. Cry it all out, okay? It's okay. Ragyo, it's okay.

"Y-You're not just a piece of c-cloth, o-okay...? Y-You're..."

I know. I know you don't mean it.

"But still-"

I'm an all-powerful God Robe! he laughed. *Do you think silly insults will get me down?*

"Ketsui, I-"

No buts, no apologies, Ketsui said. *I'm the one who's supposed to say sorry. I was insensitive. I didn't know.*

Silence filled the living room, and her crying ceased. Ketsui let his material absorb her tears, then reached out a sleeve to dab lightly at her eyes. Ragyo found herself letting herself be comforted, and while the horrifying memories of being defiled slowly left, she could feel a warmth that she never had felt before.

Care.

Concern.

An apology. Someone sincerely apologizing to her. It wasn't easy getting over everything that she had went through, but kind words and concern were things that Ragyo was terribly starved of, something that she had only received from the servants at the Kiryuin manor when she was a little girl.

'Our little lady is so kind!'

"... Let's... Let's go fight COVERS tomorrow, okay? Let's start tomorrow night."

Ragyo?

"Let's be... let's be superheroes," she said, managing a smile. "Will you be my second skin, Ketsui?"

Even if the Kamui was just ordinary clothing, it did feel an immense amount of pride. Having your creator ask you to be alongside him or her creates a wonderful feeling, and even clothes weren't an exemption. It was like wearing a favorite t-shirt, and if one would

imagine the joy of that shirt being worn, then that was the joy that Ketsui felt at that present moment.

He was made to be her second skin. He was made for her to look good.

... Of course, Ragyo.

Three days before Christmas, Mitoribashi City, Japan.

The dead of the night attracts monsters.

The city was still very much alive, but people were much less. The advertisements still showed and promoted ceaselessly; 'BUY COLA!' 'SHOKUTARO SOAP!' 'HONNO GROUP HOUSING AREAS, CONTACT VIA EMAIL TODAY!' like a nightly routine, making sure that their promotions would burn in the brains of anyone who passed by.

"Buy cola. Shokutaro Soap. Honno Group Housing Areas; contact via email today!" Ragyo said, already memorizing the nightly ads by heart.

What?

"Want some Shokutaro Soap?"

Hell no. Get some fabric softener and detergent.

"Haha."

The neon lights were still blinking, showing the words 'IKEZUMI' and 'BAR' every two seconds. Red and white, red and white, it was the signature bar that Ragyo used to spend her nights singing in, which proved to be a great help to the proprietor of the bar itself. Coming across people who liked jazz surely was a challenge in itself, but

tonight wasn't the night when she was going to step inside, swig a glass of root beer and sing a few songs or a whole medley.

It gave Ragyo a sense of solitude, if Ketsui didn't bother to talk so much. When was he so chatty anyways? She didn't recall giving him extra Life Fibers just so that he can talk and think of a myriad of words from a hidden dictionary, but then again, this was her first accidental invention. Kamui don't even exist. She presumed that Ketsui simply made the name up, just because it sounded cool.

She walked to the outer parts of the city, where the lights were much less, and where activity was scarce. The light of the moon scarcely illuminated the shop-lots that were closed for the night, ready to open for business the very next day. There were a few shops that Ragyo recognized as the shops that she would help in for kicks, sometimes selling some freshly made food or road snacks.

"... God, this place could definitely scream 'gang fight,'" Ragyo groaned.

It's what we'll get, Ragyo. There, you see that one?

Ragyo stood there, noticing one forming out from the ground itself. A myriad of red threads fused themselves together to make a humanoid shape; the body, the hands, then the dreaded face without eyes, nose or a mouth. They multiplied in an equally grotesque fashion by shedding some thread, and by now, they made an entire circle around the girl.

"You ready, Ketsui?" she whispered, getting ready for a good fight.

Of course!

A union that was seemingly impossible in real life happened yet again. Ragyo willingly let herself synchronize with the Kamui, which transformed itself into a beautiful armor for its maker. Boots that were easily made to run in. No unnecessary bows of the sort at the front of her chest; her chest was mid-bare. A sword appeared; a

beautiful white sword that could not be tarnished even with the filthiest of blood. Her glasses were gone, and her ebony hair flew free from their ribbon-like restraints, and once it was done, the finalizing words could be said.

"Life Fiber Synchronize! Kamui Ketsui!"

The rest happened like a blur, a dream, a sequence that neither of them could understand. She was slashing at them with the sword, fighting and kicking as she got the exhilarating thrill of battle. One by one, they crumbled and vanished before her, and Ragyo took the time to examine what they really were. Abominations of Life Fibers? The will of Life Fibers? Puppets controlled by-

Ragyo! Look out!

What followed next was a muscled arm in Ragyo's field of vision. Backing away quickly, she stared in mild horror at the hulk of a man who had intended to knock her out, and he in turn stared at her with menacing, demon-like eyes. He reminded her of a cursed oni, an oni which will never rest until he had gotten her beaten up to a pulp and left for dead.

And his first introductory words were "Stay out, little girl."

TEKUCHI GAMAGOORI

"Look, what's your deal?!" Ragyo retorted, pointing her blade at him. "I can handle this by myself!"

"YOU SHOULDN'T BUTT IN, LITTLE GIRL," he thundered. "YOU'RE RUINING MY TRAINING."

"Stop shouting!" she exclaimed. "I can hear you just fine!"

"DO YOU WANT TO KEEP FIGHTING HERE? THEN WE MUST FIGHT TO CLAIM THIS AREA! THE VICTOR WILL HAVE THE RIGHTS TO STAY!"

Before she could even comprehend anything, the burly man raised his bare fists, promptly ready to squish her underneath the ground. Ragyo instantly jumped aside, then lunged at the man with the mere intent to knock him to the ground. She certainly had no time for this; the night when she was most determined and hyped just had to be the night when some wrestling nut had to interrupt.

"GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!" he bellowed.

"Never!" Ragyo retorted. "YOU get out! I got here first!"

"I GOT HERE SIX MONTHS BEFORE YOU DID!"

"FUCKING NONSENSE!" she yelled back, ready to slash his annoying arm. "I WARNED-"

Stay back! Ragyo, stay back! Now-!

Much to Ragyo's horror, the man was instantly knocked out at the back of his head by a much larger COVERS, which seemed like a fusion of all the smaller ones. Apparently, the time that the two used to bicker and fight was used by the COVERS to combine into a larger form, and Ragyo found herself holding the body of a man much larger than she was and being towered over by a much more massive fusion of COVERS. Heads were crudely united, hands were outstretched like tentacles, and the worst part was that it was oozing out Life Fibers like drool.

"..."

...

"... I hate Wednesday nights," she concluded, proceeding to carry the knocked out man while preparing to slash the COVERS down.

A/N: Thank you so much for the positive reviews! In case that there are any suspicions, Tekuchi Gamagoori is the father of Ira

Gamagoori. More characters will be introduced as parents of Maiko Oogure and Omiko Hakodate respectively, and thank you for your support!

-Densetsu-no-Maguro.

Your Likes

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction.

3: Your Likes

She walked right into the elevator.

"God, he's heavy... !"

She pressed the button to the highest floor.

I'm surprised that the lift can stand his weight, Ragyo.

"I know, right?"

She waited.

"... Why did we take him back in the first place, Ketsui?" Ragyo asked.

I don't know, why ask me?

She looked at the security camera.

"... Hope the guards are sleeping."

Me too.

She waited again.

"Please, oh please, don't stop midway," Ragyo murmured, trying to make herself lighter. They did say somewhere that you can center

your weight somehow, someway, right? Beside her, the burly man didn't even move a muscle.

The doors opened. She dragged him out, slid her card key, opened the door, dragged him in, locked the door behind them and turned on the lights.

No time for warm water.

Now that he was on the fluffy white carpet on the living room, Ragyo could scrutinize him more properly. Rough features. Tanned skin. Blond hair. Inhumanly tall and muscular. She felt as if she had seen him before somewhere, but her memory was quite blurry. Did she remember him from somewhere in school? She was hovering over his unconscious body, noting that if he got up, he would most likely be able to fix her ceiling fan from his height.

Thank goodness the ceiling was high.

Well, isn't he a hunk, Ketsui remarked.

"God, he could break me in half," Ragyo cringed. "Do we leave him here? I'm not carrying him to the sewing room."

So you're letting him lie on the carpet?

"I'll go get a pillow and a blanket," she groaned. "Want me to put you in the wash while you dry?"

A pause.

*You're... going to put me in the **washing machine**?*

Ragyo was instantly alarmed. "Oh god, I forgot! You're made of silk!"

After all we've gone through together?! Ketsui exclaimed in mock agony. Ragyo Kiryuin, how could you?!

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, okay?! I'll hand-wash you! I'll personally iron you myself! I'll let you dry at the balcony alone!" she panicked. How the hell could she have forgotten? Silk was the most delicate of fabrics, and to chuck Ketsui in the washing machine was like murder.

A harsh groan cut off Ragyo's exclamations, prompting her to stop speaking altogether just to scramble off his body, sitting right at the side as he moved. She kept her hands clasped together; the sword of purity materialized right on her lap as a sign of Ketsui's acknowledgement of Ragyo's fears.

He opened his eyes.

She watched him.

The ceiling fan slowly spun, but as cool as the atmosphere was, Ragyo felt as if she had to be on her toes. Her body felt hot; the kind of heat that would usually rise right before a battle or a fight. but both she and her Kamui kept silent. As the muscular brute stirred, he took another good look at his savior, then at his surroundings, then felt the cool carpet beneath his massive body.

"... Where am I?" was his standard question.

"... My penthouse," she replied, surprisingly calm.

"Why did you save me?" he asked quietly.

"You were in trouble," she answered softly. "Do you want some water?"

He sat up. It took him quite a while to get up; Ragyo noted that it was true that the bigger they are, the harder they fall. Even with him sitting down on the floor, Ragyo had to look up due to his height, and she adjusted her glasses so that his face wouldn't look so sharp. He was a giant compared to her small stature, even if she was one of the tall girls in her class. She presumed that he was used to looking

down at people literally due to his size, but to her surprise, he didn't look down at her at all.

He bowed his head before her.

"I am Tekuchi Gamagoori," Gamagoori said, introducing himself.
"Thank you for saving me. I am truly indebted to you."

Gamagoori ? Ragyo felt as if she had heard that name before. It was a one-of-a-kind name, a name that could not be forgotten so easily.
"... Do you study in Mitoribashi High School?" Ragyo asked, trying her luck.

A look of surprise crossed his features, causing him to look at her normally. "I do. How did you know?"

"You're Gamagoori from the wrestling club, right?" she tried again.
"I'm... Kiryuin. From the debate club."

Stunned silence filled the air, and it was as if tiny light bulbs lighted up above their heads. They did hear of each other, but by name only. Despite that, realization really was a refreshing and surprising little emotion, and it was as if the atmosphere suddenly felt lighter.

It got awkward again, though.

" *You're Kiryuin?*" Gamagoori asked slowly.

"Yeah..." she nodded, laughing nervously. "And you're Gamagoori. Fancy, uh... having you here."

If it was even possible, he bowed even lower. It took Ragyo by surprise, but Gamagoori basically radiated undying gratitude and loyalty. It was as if he had held on to a strong creed throughout his life, and to have someone save him would render him eternally indebted to that person. Like a servant bowing to his lady, Gamagoori kept his head low, letting his voice resonate throughout the penthouse.

"I, TEKUCHI GAMAGOORI, AM FOREVER GRATEFUL TO YOU, RAGYO KIRYUIN," Gamagoori's voice boomed, a voice of pride, honor and regal submission. "MY LOYALTIES LIE WITH YOU FOR ETERNITY, AND I WILL LAY MY LIFE FOR YOU IN ALL CIRCUMSTANCES. PLEASE FORGIVE MY DISPLAY OF EARLIER RUDENESS. I WILL ACCEPT ANY PUNISHMENT YOU SEE FIT."

Ragyo stared at the bowing figure before her, stunned.

"Ah..." came her surprised response.

It was like a long wait. Gamagoori remained down, and Ragyo remained looking down. She couldn't bear to stand, to be any superior to someone who had just sworn his loyalty to her so powerfully. Never in anyone's dreams would Tekuchi Gamagoori, the star wrestler in Mitoribashi High School's wrestling club, bow before anyone, and here he was bowing before her all so easily. A protector. A shield.

No one spoke, until Ragyo broke the silence.

"Stand," she said.

Gamagoori stood without a word. She stood as well, placed her sword on the sofa and placed a small hand on his chest. He looked down at her smiling face; the smile that from then on, he was to protect. His unlikely rescuer, a fragile girl clad in white, was his priority, and to see the smile of approval on her face brought him the greatest of joys.

"Thank you," Ragyo said, smiling sincerely. "I accept your loyalty, Tekuchi Gamagoori."

Christmas Day, Mitoribashi City, Japan.

In loving memory of Sakura Kiryuin,

January 23, XXXX

Sakura Kiryuin died on the day she and Ragyo were born.

Ragyo visited the grave of her dead twin sister on Christmas day, the sister whom she never got to know. The servants had told her that Sakura died prematurely, which did give Ragyo a sort of survivor's guilt. Maybe her parents would've liked Sakura better. She didn't even know who was older and who was younger, but Ragyo made it a point to visit Sakura's grave every Christmas day. A cheap grave, but it looked as if that was the best they could offer her.

She would've loved the snow.

Who's that? Ketsui asked, folded up instead of being worn. Ragyo wore a white dress this time, but she brought Ketsui in a messenger bag and took him out once they had reached the cemetery.

"My twin sister, Sakura."

A moment of silence, then the Kamui broke the silence.

You love her a lot, don't you?

"I never met her," Ragyo laughed mirthlessly. "She died when we were both born."

She didn't want to wear black that day. Any day when she was to visit Sakura, she didn't want to think of her being dead. Ragyo assumed that her sister wouldn't want that either, so she opted to speak to her sister's grave, as if she was there.

"... Yo, Sakura," Ragyo suddenly laughed. "Sorry I've been gone for six months. I'm... not the same."

Silence.

"I made talking clothes, if you're curious!" she said, placing Ketsui on the cold blanket of snow. "His name's Ketsui. If you were alive now,

you'd be really happy to have him as your friend. He'd talk to you lots, unlike me. School's starting soon too... so wish me luck?"

More silence.

"... So... Merry Christmas, Sakura. Snow's a lot nowadays. You'd love it, right? The snow? I think you'd like spring better, 'cause, you know, your name..."

Sakura's name was an ultimate variant. The 'saku' in Sakura meant 'blooming,' and the 'ra' was the same meaning as the 'ra' in Ragyo's: silk. It was much nicer than Ragyo's name, and Ragyo would've liked to think that she would be a nice person if she was permitted to live longer. Ketsui unfolded itself, placed a sleeve on the grave and wiped the snow clean off, showing Sakura's name etched in stone.

Merry Christmas, Sakura!

Ragyo could hear fondness in his voice.

MITORIBASHI HIGH SCHOOL

BE IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS BEFORE OR ON 8:30 AM. NO LATER.

SCHOOL GATES WILL BE CLOSED AT 9:30 AM.

MORNING ASSEMBLIES ON MONDAY.

The bell rang.

The whole city was in havoc. The students took all means of transportation to school; cycling, buses, running, hitching on police cars and whatnot. Ragyo cycled for her life just to get on time, and Gamagoori ran behind her, if he could. He kept on running *past* her, which produced a lot of useless and unnecessary apologies on his

part. On Ragyo's part, she half-wished that she could get on his back for a piggy-back ride to school.

That would be embarrassing though. She didn't even dare to ask.

"How many more minutes do we have?!" Ragyo yelled, managing to chew her final piece of toast in her mouth.

"ONE!" Gamagoori yelled back, then looked back at Ragyo. "THE SCHOOL IS WITHIN REACH, RAGYO-SAMA!"

Mitoribashi High School looked like any ordinary Japanese high school. Ragyo cycled right into the gates, parked her bike without locking it, then found herself being picked up easily by Gamagoori's mighty hands. Wrapping her arms around his neck instinctively, Ragyo braced herself for large impacts of wind coming upon them, as well as to bear the thrill of speed. Doors were slammed open with one hand, and the other firmly yet gently held her in place.

Mighty footsteps accompanied with loud slamming noises kept Ragyo's eyes shut. She kept her school bag close to her, fearing that Ketsui would slip out.

"WE CAN MAKE IT, RAGYO-SAMA!" Gamagoori declared.

"The auditorium! That's where orientation is!" she exclaimed. She could hear students rushing by as well, but the sheer size of her protector intimidated them all into letting him move ahead. More doors slammed open, and Ragyo held on tighter, counting down the seconds that would end that one fateful minute.

Three.

Two.

One.

The auditorium doors slammed open.

"Please be seated! Orientation starts today! Club presidents, please be on the stage!"

Ragyo only opened her eyes when she was placed on a seat gently by Gamagoori, proceeding with the wrestler sitting behind her to protect her from possible hair-pulling. They were seated at the back of the auditorium, and as Ragyo struggled to calm herself, she could make out a few familiar faces. The club presidents, with their smirks of pride, sat on the seats available on the stage as the Student Council President meekly read out their names.

"M-Music Club President, Fuuma Jakuzure!"

FUUMA JAKUZURE

MUSIC CLUB PRESIDENT

The Music Club President stood up, smiling at everyone with the sweetest smile that he could muster. Cheers and squeals from the female students only served to stroke Fuuma Jakuzure's ego, and when his dazzling introduction was done, he sat back down. Taking it as her cue to introduce the next president, the Student Council President gripped on her sheet of paper nervously and read out the next name.

"C-Computer Club President, Wataru Inumuta!"

WATARU INUMUTA

COMPUTER CLUB PRESIDENT

He didn't get up. Wataru was still fast asleep. There was the same reaction from the crowd, however, and Fuuma kicked his friend's leg for emphasis. Wataru didn't wake up though, but he did let out a suitable snore. Much to Fuuma's horror, the snore was amplified throughout the auditorium due to the portable microphone pinned on Wataru's uniform, but adoration was blind. The school loved the two

dashing young men, but Ragyo didn't see the point. Nor did Gamagoori, for that matter.

"Why's the Student Council President so weak this orientation?" Ragyo whispered, having to tilt her head back to speak to Gamagoori.

It was a struggle for Gamagoori to whisper back. "The clubs have higher authority now, especially with only two major clubs in the school. The rest of the clubs aren't that significantly popular, so the club with the most members will get the highest authorities."

"Why didn't the Debate Club get in? Nor the Wrestling Club? Or the Athletics? Or Science and Mathematics?" Ragyo asked, surprised.

Gamagoori shook his head. "Ragyo-sama, lack of interest contributed to their unpopularity."

It was true. She could see the other club presidents sitting among the students, looking up at the two club presidents on the stage with a mixture of envy and helplessness on their faces. The school does not have a principal, for the Student Council ran it all. Unfortunately, the Student Council can be overturned and rebelled against, to which it had rendered their current Student Council President into a meek, cowering puppet of an authority figure.

It wasn't right.

The Student Council President even stuttered when she gave her speeches.

When Fuuma Jakuzure stepped up to give his introductory speech about the Music Club, the whole auditorium was silent. Ragyo bit her lip, wondering if this indeed was to be her senior year. Everything changed. Everything changed, and like an unnoticed grain of rice in a heaping portion, she disappeared from everyone's memories. Only when she reappeared, they remembered, and carried on from there.

Tap. Tap, tap, tap on the microphone. A wink, several audible swoons, and Jakuzure began.

"Don't you all just love the sound of beautiful music?~" he smiled charmingly.

Cheers erupted.

"I know, I know all of you do. We, the Mitoribashi High School Music Club, will do our best to give you beautiful music. Music that will make you dance, make you sing, make you pass all those horrid exams. You'd like that, right?~"

A loud, simultaneous "YES!" was the response.

"So join the Music Club, anyone who's interested! Thank you," Jakuzure nodded, then shook Inumuta awake. The IT expert finally woke up, nodded, then stood up at where he sat.

Silence.

"... Join the Computer Club. Thank you."

And that was all. He sat back down, went back to sleep, and everyone cheered all the same.

For the orientation of the final year of Mitoribashi High School, it didn't erupt into the usual bang that it usually did.

"Disappointing!" Ragyo complained, sighing as break finally arrived. She sat with Gamagoori on the lonely rooftop of the school, eating some rice balls as she mulled over the horrid orientation while looking at the clear blue sky. "When did the system get like that?"

Gamagoori shook his head. "Six months ago."

Six months ago, six months ago, six months ago. Ragyo hated that phrase.

"... It has to change."

"Ragyo-sama?"

"It has to change. It's not fair," Ragyo said pointedly. "Each club is equal. Every single one of them are important."

Natural ventilation was always refreshing, but it didn't serve to tone Ragyo's temper down. It was unfair, unfair. She couldn't agree with the fact that Mitoribashi High School was going to be run by people like Jakuzure and Inumuta, especially when the system was getting quite unorthodox. Based on popularity? A joke. A really cruel joke. The final year of the school shouldn't be like that.

"I've got to change it back," Ragyo suddenly said. "I... might not have enough power to do it, nor the popularity, but I will change the school!"

"How will you do that, Ragyo-sama?" Gamagoori asked, surprised. "You can't change a school in a year! A school's entire organization is very hard to change, and in those six months, change was possible due to the weakening state of the Student Council!"

An idea formed in her head.

She had a gift; she could make clothes. Beautiful clothes. People all over the world needed clothes. Ketsui was the living proof that she could make extraordinary clothes, and she could make a new club.

A new club all on her own.

"... I'll make a new club," she decided. "A Tailoring Club. A club that will change the very basis of clothes-making, and I'll be its head!"

"Sounds pretty convincing," a nonchalant voice came from behind them.

The two friends looked behind them, revealing a dark-haired, bespectacled youth who clearly didn't have enough sleep. Beside

him was a girl with blonde pigtails, smiling at them as she sat down, taking out her own lunch. Humming a slight tune, she dragged her classmate down, to which he let out a surprised exclamation before finally focusing on Ragyo and Gamagoori.

"Don't mind Minoru, he's a bit neurotic," the girl laughed. "So Gamagoori, are you and Kiryuin dating now?~ Are you?~ Are you-"

MINORU OOGURE

HANAKO HAKODATE

"WE ARE NOT, HAKODATE," came his staunch, rushed reply.

"So you want to make a new club," Minoru said, looking at Ragyo. "A Tailoring Club?"

"That's right," she confirmed.

"Do you want members?"

"Don't all clubs have members?"

"If you're going to use the club just to overturn the school, then I don't think that it's a very good move," Minoru said, in all his brutal honesty. "Why do you want to make a *Tailoring Club* anyways? Not many people would like to join."

A moment of silence, then Ragyo smiled. Of all things, why a *Tailoring Club*?

"I want to make clothes that will make people happy," she said. "I want people to wear clothes that they like, clothes that they would feel natural in. Clothes that will be their best friends, and clothes that will always be comfortable for them. And I want people to know that I can do it."

"Wah, Kiryuin, that's so sweet!" Hanako laughed, clapping her hands. "I'll join then! I'll join!"

"Hakodate!" Minoru jerked back.

"You can't do your ' *Secret Test of Character*' on Kiryuin, you know! She's so sweet that I just want to squish her cheeks!" Hanako squealed. "I'm in, I'm in! We'll go make the club after eating, okay? I bet Minoru wants to join too!"

"No, I don't!"

"Oh come on! Kiryuin will be glad to have you!"

"W-Why do you guys want to join anyways? I-It was just a passing thought... !" Ragyo said helplessly. Gamagoori shook his head, then placed a hand on her shoulder and smiled triumphantly.

"BECAUSE YOUR DETERMINATION SHINES, RAGYO-SAMA."

"Come on, Oogure, join!" Hanako bugged him. "Ragyo-chan, I'll join!"

"Fine, fine, I will!" Minoru groaned. "Not like there are any other good clubs anyways..."

It was a good day. It was a very good day. Ragyo found herself smiling, then her smile became a cheery laugh of happiness. Everything was going beautifully, and she let herself be hugged by Hanako, who was gushing over the idea as if it was an incredibly splendid one.

"The Tailoring Club will be made today!" Ragyo announced in Hanako's arms, relishing in the meeting of smiles.

A/N: Fuuma Jakuzure and Wataru Inumuta are the fathers of Nonon Jakuzure and Houka Inumuta respectively! Thank you so much for the reviews!

-Densetsu-no-Maguro.

Sub: Number of Friends

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction.

3.9: Number of Friends

"We won't name her that. It's a common name."

A mother sat up on her bed, holding the sleeping infant in her arms.

Morning, 7:20 am, Mitoribashi High School

"Name?"

Ragyo blinked as she came face to face with the Tailoring Club's new security system the very next day, being the only one standing in front of the newly-restored door early that morning. A small intercom stared right at her face, prompting her to touch the speaker as it repeated its question in its signature monotonous tone.

"Name?"

Name? Name? Ragyo laughed nervously.

"R-Ragyo Kiryuin."

"Class?"

"3-A."

"What would you name your future child?"

"H-Huh?!"

"What would you name your future child?" it repeated.

"Oh god, this is like some sort of trick question," Ragyo murmured to herself, groaning as she scratched her head. It was her first day seeing the inside of the club, and she was the one who made it, so she wanted to make this meaningful. Very meaningful. Names were meant to be meaningful, and Ragyo's thoughts drifted to her late parents, who had named her something incredibly unfeminine and intimidating. Who the hell names their kid Ragyo?

At least they had the decency to name her sister *Sakura*. She thought of a name that had a nice impact, as well as something that sounded girlish. An awesome name for an awesome first impression.

A name for a meteor child.

"... *Ryuko*," she finally answered.

"Enter."

The door opened, but before Ragyo could even step in, Hanako Hakodate's smiling face popped out. Pointing at the intercom with pride, she tapped on the nifty gizmo attached to the wall and laughed. "Oogure installed this for the club! Did you get the 'future child' question too?"

"A-Ah, yes..." Ragyo said, stammering as she tried to recover from being shocked like that. "What did you say for that one?" she asked.

Hanako winked. " *Elizabeth*~ "

"Eliza... huh?"

"Never mind. How do you like my hair? I cut it. I cut it real short so that when I sew, my hair won't get in the way."

Ragyo didn't see the logic in that. "Oh... um... okay."

Now the main problem was to break it gently to her eccentric club members. She walked into the room, surprised that everything was cleaned up and promptly furnished. Like any classroom, there was an unused blackboard, open windows, chairs, desks and a few shelves to put bags and books in. A few sewing machines and computers were present, along with Tekuchi Gamagoori and Minoru Oogure waiting.

"Ragyo-sama," Gamagoori bowed. "Good morning."

"Morning," she smiled. "Where did you get the sewing machines?" Ragyo asked curiously. Minoru looked up from installing a few softwares, then took a file from beside his desk and gave it over to the bespectacled leader.

"Read this, Kiryuin," he said, a little peeved. "Jakuzure found out."

She stopped. "Jakuzure?"

"The club, *the club*," Minoru impatiently said. "Fuuma Jakuzure wanted you to read this over. If it's some sort of stupid termination shit, don't involve me."

"OOGURE!" Gamagoori yelled. "DISRESPECT!"

"I don't need your yelling, Gamagoori!"

Wordlessly, Ragyo took the file, looked over at the papers that were inside as the three other students hovered over to see what it said. Pushing up her glasses, she placed her bag at the side and quickly skimmed over the neatly printed words that conveyed Fuuma Jakuzure's intended message to the president of the Tailoring Club. Japanese characters in black ink stared at Ragyo's equally black eyes, and softly, she read out the words.

"*' To President Ragyo Kiryuin, ' Ragyo read out. ' Congratulations on the foundation of the Tailoring Club. Mitoribashi High School is in need of more clubs to create a better variety for the students. To*

pursue general and personal interests is a noble thing, and I greatly commend your bold efforts in creating yet another possibility for students who are interested in tailoring to hone their skills.

"I regret to say that there is a 'however' in this case, but I am confident that you can breeze through this. Six months ago, I had found out from our esteemed Student Council President that you have been absent from the school. Due to the newly changed education rules of Japan, you will not be penalized nor expelled, but there will be things that you had missed out. The organization of the school has drastically changed as well; our beloved Principal Yasuhara has retired, and the head of the school is our Student Council President.

"If you can make your club exceedingly popular, then we, the Music Club as well as the Computer Club, as Heads of the Extra-Curricular Clubs of Mitoribashi High School will permit the Tailoring Club to remain in the school. The requirements are for the members as well as you, Miss Kiryuin, to participate in the annual Mitoribashi High School Curricular Competition next week as well as to give a speech to finalize the existence of the club.

"I do hope that it sits well with you. Sincerely, Fuuma Jakuzure, President of the Music Club. Extra note: Do put your club's introduction behind the envelope. I will send President Inumuta to collect the envelope alone later."

The whole room took a moment of silence to properly comprehend the contents of Fuuma Jakuzure's letter.

"... We have to take an exam?" Hanako said, cringing as she took out her previous report card, laced with failing grades and red marks at each subject. "I couldn't even show this to my mom. She'd freak and make me withdraw from the Tennis Club."

"I haven't studied in months," Ragyo groaned. "I might need to brush up..."

Gamagoori instantly took out his books, leafing through the pages. "If you need any assistance, Ragyo-sama, I can tutor you for a given amount of time to prepare for examinations. You do not need to worry about unnecessary distractions."

"I've no time for exams," Minoru sighed. "Aren't the year-end examinations more important?"

"It's our last year, and the last year of the school," Ragyo shook her head sadly. "Speaking of introductions, let's introduce ourselves properly, seeing as we're the first members of the Tailoring Club. I'm Ragyo Kiryuin from 3-A, and I look forward to working with all of you-"

"Ragyo-chan, that's barely an introduction; that's a statement from a new employee to her colleagues!" Hanako laughed, taking Ragyo's hand. "We're all friends here, aren't we? We're one whole band of friends in a club! Try again!"

Try again? Ragyo gulped, then tried again. "I-I'm Ragyo Kiryuin from 3-A... and I'd like to know all of you better! We're in the same class, so I hope that the fact itself can help us speak to each other more!"

"Tekuchi Gamagoori, 3-A. I was previously in 2-B, and it's a pleasure to meet all of you," Gamagoori said, then nodded as his voice resonated throughout the room.

"Minoru Oogure, 3-A. I specialize in traps and softwares. I hope we can bring about a change in organizations here," Minoru smiled.

"Hanako Hakodate, 3-A, formerly in 2-C. I'm in the Tennis Club too, so if you don't see me around here, I'm there," Hanako laughed. "And that's all of us! We need an introduction speech from our lovely Ragyo-chan here, since she's our wonderful President!"

Shit. Shit, shit, shit . Giving speeches was one of Ragyo's worst traits, if she wasn't fighting back against an opposing party in debates.

Ragyo went up to the teacher's table, placed her bag on it and took deep breaths. This was when she'd unveil Ketsui to the club, since she had decided that she wouldn't keep any secrets from any one of them. She'd let her invention out to the open, and as she betrayed her shaking hands, she took out the garment from her bag and began to speak. She squeaked at first, but she automatically tried again.

"A-As you know," she began, "this is the first meeting of the Tailoring Club. Before we proceed to official matters first... I'm really glad that all of you are in full support of this small club! But... we're not doing ordinary sewing."

"We're not?" Minoru asked. "What do you mean by that?"

Biting on her lower lip, Ragyo proceeded to show Ketsui to the club, then took a deep breath. "This is a God Robe; my own creation. It has... special properties in... um..."

Ragyo, that's not convincing, Ketsui's voice came.

The whole room was silent.

"... D-Did that just... *talk*...?!" Hanako pointed accusingly at the Kamui, prompting Ketsui to wiggle free of Ragyo's grasp and point a sleeve back at Hanako.

Excuse me! One finger at someone, and where do the rest of your fingers point at? You!

Talking clothes. Walking clothes. Moving clothes. Fabric wasn't supposed to be animate! While the whole room was in panic, Ragyo shook, and then hastily slammed her palm on the table to restore even a tiny amount of order. Silence filled the room yet again; it seemed to be a very popular ambiance for the Tailoring Club, and then she struggled to speak.

"P-Please understand! Ketsui doesn't mean any harm to anyone! I-In fact, Ketsui helped me in more ways than one! T-This is what we're going to make, but-"

"We're going to make God Robes, R-Ragyo-sama?" Gamagoori asked slowly.

You know those COVERS out there in the streets? Ketsui explained smoothly. Have any of you read the news online or on the papers? Lots of mysterious deaths or disappearances, right? It's because of those. So you need to make your own Kamui to protect yourselves and others! Ragyo sure can't protect all of you with just me!

"Okay, okay, so what does a Kamui do?" Minoru asked, trying to be leveled. "Do you need any scientific things?"

"L-Life Fibers," Ragyo said meekly.

"So we're going to sew with *Life Fibers*," the tech expert repeated. "What's that?"

"... So we're going to be superheroes disguised as a tiny club?" Hanako piped up. "Are we? Is that it, Ragyo-chan?"

"W-What?!" Ragyo exclaimed.

"Think of it this way!" the blonde excitedly laughed, stepping up next to Ragyo. "We're going to have awesome costumes that will give us power like superheroes! Like, Ragyo-chan and I will be the magical girls, and you two will be the magical boys, and we'll bring down anything! Isn't that right, Ragyo-chan? Right?"

"Oh, for god's sake, sit down, Hakodate!" Minoru groaned. "First, let's talk to the clothes." He stood up, walked up front and looked at the garment, which was staring at him pointedly all the while. "You have a name?"

Ketsui.

"Did Kiryuin make you?"

Of course! I'm the first of my kind! That's how I can name myself and name my own classification. I don't need others to name me.

"What DO you do?"

*Transform myself into an armored regalia so that Ragyo can fight
COVERS.*

"... Let's make these," Minoru nodded, smiling. "This sounds like some awesome video game gone real."

Gamagoori conceded, smiling as well. "Kamui. They sound strong. Will these give us real strength, Ragyo-sama?"

The leader shook her head. "Real strength isn't from what you wear, or how much you train. It's uniting together to protect the afflicted," she smiled. "But these garments will give us the wings to fly! So all in favor for the production of Kamui, just for the three of you?"

Hanako raised her hand. "Of course!"

Minoru raised his hand as well. "Tell me what we need; I'll get it."

Gamagoori raised his hand next. "We'll bring Mitoribashi to our knees, Ragyo-sama!"

"Let's unite to bring a change!" the leader announced.

Ragyo smiled at her garment, quite satisfied with the acceptance of the production of the new fashion. Taking the file that Jakuzure had dropped off for her, she raised it up, slammed the letter on the blackboard and took a pen, ready to write the newest introduction of the club. With the club hovering over what she was about to write, Ragyo paused, put the pen aside, took a mechanical pencil and wrote the following words:

'I have no interest in ordinary humans. If there are any aliens, time travelers, sliders, or espers here, come join me. That is all.'

"... Ragyo-chan, that anime's so 2009!"

15 years ago, Kiryuin Manor

"Lady Sakura-"

"Yes?"

A young girl looked up at her personal butler in response to her deceased sister's name, but instead of feeling offended, she laughed. He laughed as well, ruffling his young lady's ebony hair as she gave a little pout of dissatisfaction at being treated like a child. Insistence on her part further accentuated her innocence and childishness, bringing a smile to the servant's face. The very name 'Sakura' never ceased to bring smiles to their faces; a secret name that brought hope and happiness.

"Aren't you sad that the Lady Sakura is gone, Lady Ragyo?"

She shook her head. "She's always with us, isn't she?"

"You're right, my lady," he smiled. "She's always with us."

A/N: This is a sub-chapter, due to further shedding light on Sakura and to clear up the Kamui introduction. Despite what the story says though, Sakura is not Ragyo's sister. Think on it!

-Densetsu-no-Maguro.

Your Dislikes

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction.

4: Your Dislikes

The following week, 10:00 am, Mitoribashi High School.

"Be ready! The final Mitoribashi High School Curricular Competition will start very soon!"

Mitoribashi High School was no monumental beauty, but the amount of students in it made the building itself produce cracks that had to be painted over by the Construction Club. Extensions were much too expensive at that time, and it didn't help that it was the only high school in Mitoribashi. Adolescents and their siblings attended the school, and around 100% of the working adults in the city had graduated from this very high school itself. However, the mighty and historical school was going to die in a year due to a wavering management, rendering the Student Council President to shoulder the school on her shoulders all by herself.

But to rely on their brains and luck alone, the Tailoring Club seemed to be at a loss. It was 4 against the *rest of the school*, including Jakuzure and Inumuta.

This wasn't a game. It was torture. Pure intellectual torture.

The auditorium was flooded with students, only with the Tailoring Club members at the center. Minoru Oogure groaned as he looked at his phone, counting down the minutes. 10:10 am. It'll start in ten more minutes, and their leader, Ragyo Kiryuin was looking through

flash cards, making herself memorize whatever she could. Tekuchi Gamagoori was testing her upon her request and Hanako Hakodate was busy biting her nails, thoroughly not ready for the upcoming challenge.

What a dysfunctional family.

"Meeting!" Ragyo exclaimed, raising her hand in the air. The team went to their leader, stopping whatever they were doing as Ragyo beckoned them closer. Fuuma Jakuzure and Wataru Inumuta discussed about the competition on the stage, but Ragyo had a feeling that this was more than a measly intellectual competition.

"What is it, Ragyo-sama?" Gamagoori asked, making sure not to be too close to his savior. Space must be provided.

"This isn't working," Ragyo said, looking at each and every one of her teammates. "Even with Ketsui with me, this won't work. We need to have specialties. This way, we can get through this in a strategic manner."

Do you think that there'll be tricks, Ragyo? Ketsui asked worriedly.

"Tricks?" Hanako cringed.

"It's Jakuzure and Inumuta. There's got to be something behind all this. Why pit four of us against the entirety of Mitoribashi?" Ragyo questioned.

"If we lose, it's humiliation at its finest," Minoru nodded. "Kiryuin. You came first three years back, right? You were always on top, I remember."

"That was three years back! What do I know *now* ?!"

"They'll have to ask us questions that we've already learned, or what we're about to learn," Gamagoori said. "If they ask anything out of it,

it's invalid. But if the rest of the students can't answer and if we can't answer either, then it's bad as well."

"I'm pretty good with Science and Math," Ragyo said. "A bit of art too. What about you, Tekuchi?"

A slight stammer came from the giant upon his name being said, but he smiled. "I'm apt in languages."

Minoru smiled. "I'm mainly for IT and global happenings."

"Sports and PE," Hanako nodded.

I can cheat on history, Ketsui spoke up. If it's... okay?

Silence, then mild laughter from the quartet. Ragyo then straightened up, having taken five minutes for a discussion. What they needed is a nice motivational talk, and as their leader, she would have to give it. It didn't bother her in the slightest; they were slowly starting out to be friends, and it was the best that Ragyo had ever felt in her life.

"Everyone!" Ragyo said, snapping her fingers. "I'm... not sure how we'll get through this, given that we're severely outnumbered and outclassed..."

"Totes," Minoru nodded.

"... But we have to fucking win," Ragyo emphasized.

Gamagoori snorted, going to his savior's side and took the flash cards from her hands, then threw the compilation on the floor before the four of them. They stared at it for a good while; Ragyo's neat handwriting about every theorem that she was supposed to remember peeked out like forbidden knowledge. The brute looked at the flash cards, no, he scrutinized them, and then pointed at them instantly.

"There are no rules against being caught cheating, right?"
Gamagoori asked, looking at his petite master.

"Tekuchi!" Ragyo chided. "Cheating's never a good option! We'll always get caught!"

"M-My apologies, Ragyo-sama!"

Hanako looked over at Minoru, who in turn looked back at her with a small smile. He was confident for his part; if he was to tackle IT and global knowledge, then it was all fine with him. He too had faith in his childhood friend's knowledge in physical education, and the rest of the other teammates' ability to answer the several questions that would badger them. Smoothing out his black hair, he adjusted his glasses and went up to their leader, patting her head.

It made Ragyo freeze, but she controlled herself. It was *Minoru Oogure*; he wouldn't hurt her.

"Lead us well, Kiryuin," Minoru grinned. "We're not stupid; we can do this. Let's fight later."

It was too early for any victory shouts. It was too early for loud, boisterous motivations. The leader of the Tailoring Club may have been a wonderful asset to the Debate Club, but this wasn't the time for unnecessary motivational talks. Their remaining five minutes were almost up, and Fuuma Jakuzure stood up from his seat on the stage, prepared to announce the commencement of the event.

"I am pleased to inform you that the final Mitoribashi High School Curricular Competition will start NOW!"

Like a routined ritual, the rest of the students sat at the left of the auditorium, whereas the Tailoring Club sat at the right. Whiteboards and markers were in their hands, ready to write any answer that the automated machine on the stage would ask. In order, Ragyo was at the front, Gamagoori was behind, Minoru was at the left and Hanako

was at the right. At the opposition was Jakuzure in front, Inumuta beside him, and the rest of the student body.

"Good luck, Kiryuin," Fuuma smiled.

"Good luck, Jakuzure," Ragyo smiled back, and at the sound of the school bell, the competition began.

"RULES! NO CHEATING! NO GETTING HELP FROM OTHERS! IF EVERYONE ARE OUT, THEY'RE OUT! THREE TRIES, AND THAT'S IT! THERE WILL BE 30 QUESTIONS IN TOTAL!" the machine screeched. "QUESTION 1! WHO IS THE FIRST SHOGUN OF THE TOKUGAWA SHOGUNATE?"

Blank silence, and horrified faces stared at each other.

"QUESTION 1! WHO IS THE FIRST SHOGUN OF THE TOKUGAWA SHOGUNATE? EDO PERIOD!"

"... H-Hah?" Ragyo said, blinking. Jakuzure himself looked around, stunned at the question.

"T-That... was in the syllabus?" Gamagoori stammered.

"FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE! RAISE YOUR WHITEBOARDS!"

No one did, save for one person at the opposition. He proudly waved his whiteboard, then announced his answer. "Tokugawa Ieyasu!"

"CORRECT! ONE GREEN CARD FOR THE STUDENT BODY!"

Hanako stood up, pointing at the machine in rage. "Hey, that's not fair! That question wasn't even in the syllabus! You're asking us questions that we're not learning about-"

"QUESTION 2! WHO IS THE MOTHER OF QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARAGON?"

" *Kyasarin* of what?!" Jakuzure exclaimed, staring disbelievingly at the machine. Ketsui quickly took the marker from Ragyo's hand with his sleeve discreetly, wrote a tiny part on her whiteboard and prodded her arm, prompting her to eye the scrawly handwriting and made her raise her whiteboard.

"Isabella of Castile!" Ragyo shouted.

"CORRECT! ONE GREEN CARD FOR THE TAILORING CLUB!"

"Hang on, that's not fair!" Jakuzure yelled. "That question's as old as the previous one-"

"QUESTION 3! HOW DEEP IS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN?"

Ragyo Kiryuin realized that there was one mighty contender in intellectual battles at the Student Body: Barazo Mankanshoku.

Hanako Hakodate and Tekuchi Gamagoori were out of the running on their side, and almost the entire Student Body was eliminated, including Jakuzure himself. Mankanshoku and Inumuta contended against her and Minoru, prompting the rest of the students to be mere spectators at the back of the auditorium. Before Ragyo could even continue, she looked helplessly at Gamagoori, who stood up instead of sitting just to provide the most emotional support he could for her.

"The audience won't help you, Kiryuin," Inumuta said pointedly.

"I know."

Bare. She felt bare. Of all the people she had felt wonderfully comfortable with, it would have to be Gamagoori. It wasn't that she was uncomfortable without him; she wasn't used to it. Ragyo was so attached to any companion that she had nowadays that if they suddenly left her, she would feel horribly unsettled.

Breathe, Ragyo, Ketsui reassured her. Can you tell her to calm down? I can feel her panicking, the Kamui asked Minoru.

"She looks fine to me," Minoru said, looking at Ragyo's stone-hard face and rigid posture. "Intimidating, even."

"I'll cut your tongue off, Oogure," Ragyo hissed quietly.

"See? She's fine."

One more question, Ketsui said. *One more question, and that's all.*

The machine was bonkers, and it was a wonder that they survived. It asked of things that were a mix of current happenings and very, very old history, but what was the school against the machine in this competition? Ragyo silently prayed that the next question was something of her forte, and as she gripped her marker, the machine screeched its last question.

"QUESTION 30! WHERE WAS PYTHAGORAS BORN?"

Blank silence. Inumuta and Oogure were at a loss, but to their surprise, Ragyo and Barazo wrote down their answers at lightning speed and held up their boards at the same time.

"SAMOS!" Ragyo yelled.

"SAMOS!" Barazo yelled as well.

"I WENT FIRST!" Ragyo challenged.

"I DID!" Barazo retorted.

"STEP DOWN, KID, I HAVE A CLUB TO ENFORCE!"

"YOU STEP DOWN, I WANT TO BE A DOCTOR!"

"TIE, TIE," the machine said. "BONUS QUESTION! WHAT DOES SAMOS MEAN?"

Suspense and silence once more enveloped the auditorium, prompting the two Mathematics enthusiasts to think on it. They learned this from somewhere. They knew this. They knew it, it was just at the tip of their tongues...

Ragyo hesitantly wrote down her answer, then announced it.
"Um...rise by the-"

All of a sudden, a hand grabbed her wrist, shocking her as she was face to face with Wataru Inumuta, his eyes steely and intimidating. Silent and dark eyes stared into her red ones, but she kept her hold on her whiteboard. In an instant, Minoru, Gamagoori and Hanako ran to Ragyo's side, surrounding the two as Gamagoori made sure to be the closest one there.

"You're not answering that," Inumuta said quietly. "You are not going to finish that sentence."

"Let go of Ragyo-sama's hand!" Gamagoori threatened.

"Ragyo-chan!" Hanako worriedly called out.

"Kiryuin, answer! We'll back you up!" Minoru affirmed.

That was the least of Ragyo's concern.

They had grabbed her like that in the cold, dark cell.

His hand was on her wrist. *His hand was on her wrist* . On her wrist. He's holding her wrist. He's touching her. *Touching her* . Ragyo trembled; her whole body shook, and what was meant to be a defense mechanism manifested into an instinctive urge to push him away.

Paranoia sunk in.

" *Don't touch me!* " Ragyo yelled, batting him away with her free hand with surprising strength. True enough, he went flying across the auditorium, colliding against the wall as Gamagoori went to Ragyo's aid, not daring to touch her in fear of the same reaction. Minoru's jaw was open, and his expression mimicked the expressions of the Student Body at Wataru Inumuta's sudden fierceness and Ragyo Kiryuin's strength.

They didn't say anything about violence in the competition, did they? Ragyo sank onto the floor in a sitting motion, completely defenseless.

"Ragyo-sama!" Gamagoori exclaimed, his expression full of worry at Ragyo's shuddering form. There were no arms to envelop her, no comforting physical gestures, nothing.

"... I can't move," she whimpered.

"W-What?" he asked.

"... I can't move," Ragyo said, biting on her lip as she tried her hardest not to cry. It was too much. She was getting paranoid. Just one touch made her lose her cool, and it wasn't good. She was crumbling before everyone else, and that was what she had despised the most. "I can't, I can't, I can't..."

Haunted. Ragyo was haunted of the happenings that she had escaped. They touched her; they touched her body, they did everything possible to shatter her spirit, to make her into a doll for Life Fibers. Dark, cold, and the only things she felt were chains and hands reaching all over where they shouldn't even be touching-

"... If you will permit me, Ragyo-sama," Gamagoori said, getting on one knee as he bowed before her, "I will help you stand."

She looked up in surprise.

"I will help you stand. If it is not possible, allow me to be your legs, Ragyo-sama!"

It was as if time had stopped altogether. Ragyo stopped shuddering and stared at the giant before her, extending his hand for her to take as she kept her hands close to herself, wishing desperately to get a grip. She was stronger than this. It was just her stupid body not wanting to cooperate with her, and she could feel many eyes stare at her as if she was a fascinating spectacle.

But help was right in front of her, and all she had to do was give the word.

In a very unlikely form, help was before her, in the form of the dysfunctional club that she had made. The club that was tailored to her own interests as well as the interests of a better reform. Her eyes searched for any forms of wavering, but there were none. Gamagoori patiently waited, and Ragyo decided to accept the noble help of her protector.

"... Carry me," she said quietly, and he did. In his strong arms, she answered, and blanked out.

All she wanted was to dream of her.

Ragyo woke up in the Tailoring Club room, covered in a blanket and with her head rested on a cushion on the sofa.

Ketsui was hanged nearby, prompting her to slowly mull over what had recently happened. The team members were under the clothing's instruction in making more of his kind, messing with Life Fibers as they attempted to sew. People like Gamagoori and Minoru knew nothing about sewing, so production was incredibly slow, but there were two extra people whom she didn't expect there.

Jakuzure and Inumuta were looking over at the team's antics, with the pink-haired youth constantly pestering them as they worked.

"How do you even self-learn *sewing* ?!" he exclaimed.

"We're not self-learning," Hanako answered flippantly. "He's our teacher~"

"You've been pulling my leg for the past two hours, telling me that OUTFIT is teaching you how to sew."

"But it is," Minoru said. "Can't you hear him screaming?"

Thread it properly! Ketsui yelled.

Jakuzure looked insulted. "Of course I can't! You're mocking me!"

Inumuta looked over at Ragyo's form, noting that with her eyes open, she was already awake. He did have bandages around his arms and feet, but his clothes concealed the worst of the injuries that he had gained from slamming against the auditorium wall. Walking over to her, he was about to take her hand, but withdrew at the last minute upon remembering that she was particular to touch.

"... You're awake," he quietly said. "Are you alright?"

The team stopped their sewing, looking over at their leader with relieved smiles. Ketsui exclaimed Ragyo's name, but Ragyo was much too dazed to even respond. Jakuzure looked over as well, but as he got roughly pushed back by Gamagoori, Ragyo struggled to get up.

The giant took Ragyo's hand gently, looking at her. "Ragyo-sama, are you alright?"

She managed a goofy smile. "Good morning, Tekuchi."

"I want to apologize," Inumuta said, sighing. "I didn't know you had, um... touch issues. The good news is that the Tailoring Club has

won the competition-

The bandages around Inumuta's arms made her gasp. "I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to push you back like that... oh god, I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry-"

Jakuzure went over to Ragyo as well, looking positively cross. He folded his arms, then pointed at her accusingly as he raked his fingers through his hair with his other hand with much finesse. "Look, Kiryuin, you may have won, but you injured my right-hand man. You almost broke his arms. You sent him flying-who the hell sends people flying in fights nowadays?! A verbal apology isn't enough-"

"Gay," Minoru called out, then worked on his Kamui.

"Excuse me?!"

"Gay," Inumuta repeated. "By the way, Kiryuin, make us good clothes. We're counting on this club to stay among us at the top."

A smile made its way onto her face, an overjoyed smile. Ragyo looked at her team members, who were equally smiling at her as they were reminded of their victory. Instead of letting out a fine victory reaction, the girl bowed her head, then snuggled into the blanket that she was provided.

"Thank you! Good night!"

"Wha-Kiryuin!" Jakuzure exclaimed. "Don't sleep on us! You've gotten two hours!"

"Good night, Jakuzure-san!" she laughed, and as she lay back down, she didn't let go of Gamagoori's hand.

A/N: I'm sorry that this was so late! Since this is probably set in the future, the syllabus of the country may have changed (a tiny

headcanon). Therefore, history is considered prehistoric, and they no longer learn such things anymore.

-Densetsu-no-Maguro.

Filler Canon Chapter 1: Your First Love

Ragyo Kiryuin isn't a born leader.

She doesn't have the looks to be a leader, she doesn't have the skills to be a leader, she doesn't even train to be a leader, much less even try to be a leader, but in the end, she's named as one. She's just a teenage girl who's slowly trying to be a normal, happy, giggly, bubbly high schooler, not... not some totalitarian autocrat.

Because, god, she's a nervous nerd.

So to see three of the Tailoring Club members, Jakuzure and Inumuta get into some fight that she wasn't prepared to break up made her shiver near the door and stare at them in sheer unadulterated horror.

'C-Can y-you all please stop...?' Ragyo meekly squeaked, when Jakuzure suddenly decided to grip Minoru's shirt and drag him over to the table, causing their poor, poor leader to jump out of the way. The mascot Kamui, Ketsui, also had to cling onto Ragyo's leg, obviously taken aback at the inhuman capability of certain humans in getting angry very, very quickly.

"Listen, you whimpering sot!" Jakuzure yelled into Minoru's uninterested face, "it's either you take your words back, or you'll get shoved in a grand piano and I swear, I'll never let you get out. I'll let your body rot in there, with the strings."

"A man never goes back on his own words. I'm a man," Minoru snarked. "What are you going to do about it, pretty boy?"

"I'll seriously drag your scrawny, unathletic body in it!" Jakuzure exclaimed.

"Guys!" Ragyo interrupted, managing to try and get between the disagreeable pair of boys. "Guys, please, stop! What's this about?"

"A holiday," Hakodate groaned. "Minoru wants to go to Shizuoka, and Jakuzure wants to go to Jinbocho."

But I'm Only Human

a Ragyo Kiryuin fanfiction

Filler-Canon Chapter 1: Your First Love

Part 1

To Jinbocho it was.

In a rickety school bus that clearly reflected the dying state of Mitoribashi High School, this could easily be said to be the last field trip of that school's first Tailoring Club. The bus driver was singing nonsensical folk songs that only he knew, and the second generation seemed completely out of sorts as soon as they boarded the bus. Even Ketsui was disgusted, but he was a good piece of clothing; he'll stick it out with Ragyo.

But this was too much.

When the bus moved with the minimum speed of 50 miles per hour, it bounced off the gravel. The wheels creaked, the roof of the bus was dented, and the bus itself was hardly even yellow anymore with all the chips from the paint. Hanako Hakodate wanted so very much to puke out of the window. Minoru Oogure was praying to some god that he didn't even believe in to save him from the horrifying moving contraption. Tekuchi Gamagoori was toughening it out along with Ketsui, but the major problem was that his size took up most of the room in the bus, squishing and breaking quite a few chairs. Wataru Inumuta was slowly dying inside.

However, Ragyo Kiryuin and Fuuma Jakuzure were over the moon.

Books. Books. Nothing but books. They could even die in Jinbocho happy. Graves with their names could be in some man's bookstore, and people would flock to them and say 'Oh, these are devoted book lovers indeed,' and walk away satisfied.

But to cut the long story short, the bus defeated all of its passengers. Gamagoori was the first to go out, and he breathed in a huge amount of air, thankful that the atmosphere was being so kind to him at last. Ketsui remained limp in Ragyo's arms, and she was the second to flop out of the bus, looking greatly weakened. Everyone else followed, and they didn't dare move from where they stood. If they did, they'd fall flat on the ground, and other people might use them as doormats.

Ragyo needed to breathe.

So she went over to a bookstore to get some wind from the air conditioner, and the chimes were so welcoming that she thought that she was in some sort of heaven. The bookstore owner seemed to be lost in her own world of books, so it was easier for Ragyo to just get lost in the maze of bookshelves herself. The god robe too audibly sighed as it felt the warm serenity that Ragyo felt, and the two were so much in harmony in just one tiny shoplot.

But she saw a figure pass by.

Two people in a bookstore pass by shelf after shelf, realising that they're not the only ones seeking peace. Two people try to find out where the other went; which shelf? Where? What are they doing here?

Soichiro Matoi went to the fiction section.

Ragyo Kiryuin went to the non-fiction section.

They caught each other's moving figures, but they dared not break the silence, the mystery. They decided that at that moment, they'd

meet at the end of the shelves, and they'll introduce themselves, and...

... It was love at first sight.

Soichiro Matoi, to Ragyo Kiryuin's eyes, was the most handsome guy she's ever seen.

Ragyo Kiryuin, to Soichiro Matoi's eyes, was the most beautiful girl he's ever seen.

A/N: It's a filler chapter written by the original author, but since she can't get around to posting it, I'm posting it for her in her stead.

-Nairo.